

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 22 1/2
65 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 65 Park Row.
J. AUGUST GRAY, Treasurer, 65 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 65 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
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VOLUME 59.....NO. 21,125

PUT IT IN THE BILL.

THE scuttling of the German warships interned at Scapa Flow was a characteristic German breach of faith, for which Germany should be made to pay.

It is true that with the ships sunk the vexatious problem how to dispose of them is removed. It is also true that the ships were interned and not yet surrendered. But neither of these considerations alters the fact of German guilt.

Article 23 of the armistice agreement, after providing that designated German surface warships shall be interned "in Allied ports to be designated by the Allies and the United States," went on to specify:

They will there remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States, only caretakers being left on board.

Even German duplicity would hardly dare maintain that Germany agreed to this provision of the armistice with the understanding that the caretakers left aboard the vessels should be at liberty to sink them by a preconcerted plot, without rendering the German Government thereby liable.

The Paris Peace Conference assuredly did not allow for possible German destruction of these interned war vessels. There is no reason to suppose the Peace Treaty does not still contain the provision which appeared in the published draft:

Vessels which, in accordance with the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918, are now interned in the ports of the Allied and Associated Powers are declared to be finally surrendered.

These interned German war vessels should be on the surface of the sea in as good condition as could reasonably be demanded, when the Peace Treaty is signed.

If Germany has destroyed them, Germany should pay for them. Their value should be added to the reckoning.

One question, however, will be asked: Inasmuch as the armistice expressly provided for supervision, and the extent to which Germans could be trusted was well known, why in the name of common prudence did not the Allies and the United States take care the interned German ships at Scapa Flow were under a kind of supervision that would have made what has happened impossible?

Representative Dyer of Missouri has a hunch that if the Peace Treaty is signed this week the United States will not go totally dry next week. A cablegram from the President declaring demobilization at an end would put considerable chink into the preparations for celebrating the Fourth. It might mean at least one more birthday of American independence without and realization of the loss of American liberty.

IT WAS TIME FOR A LAWYER.

TO SAVE THEM from worse than they have already brought upon themselves, Senator Lodge and his band of Republican treaty-baiters in the Senate hastened to consult the best lawyer in the party.

It was up to Mr. Root to find a way by which Republican Senators can accept the Peace Treaty and at the same time save the Nation by statesmanship that nobody will mistake for anything but a noble, exclusively Republican brand.

A tall order. Mr. Root undertakes to fill it with a plan which provides for ratification of the treaty, League of Nations and all—but with reservations as to Article X and the Monroe Doctrine that will establish a Republican claim on whatever future good may come out of the League and at the same time show for present purposes how little President Wilson could be trusted at such a crisis to protect the true interests of the United States.

Not long ago The Evening World asked whether Republican leaders in the Senate ever looked behind them these days to see what they were doing to their party.

There seem to have been not a few scared and belated glances to the rear as a result of the round robin signed by George W. Wick-ersham and twenty-seven other well known Republicans in this city.

The country would agree more heartily than ever that Mr. Root is a mighty good lawyer if he were to induce Lodge, Knox and even Borah to quit wrecking the Republican Party on the treaty issue.

Mr. Taft might give them sound advice, but it would be less acceptable. Mr. Root listens to his clients.

"The United States is in the grip of a bloody revolution. Thousands of workers are slaughtered by machine guns in New York City. Washington is on fire. Industry is at a standstill and thousands of workers are starving. The Government is using the most brutal and repressive measures to put down the revolution." The above is what we may expect to see on the front pages of what few newspapers survive the upheaval. "The Rebel Worker."

Do persons whose heads are full of this sort of thing admit possible future attractiveness in a plain, peaceful, honest day's work?

Letters from the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your editorial in The Evening World of the 20th inst. in reference to the repeal of the Daylight Saving Law is certainly a wonder. The people who imagine they will benefit by the repeal of this good law are in the minority and consist only of some old hating the time farmers and the self-centered gas and electric light interests.

I do not think the farmers of the foreign countries that have had this law in effect for years ever objected so strenuously as our farmers, who are so simple minded they do not see how they can start work an hour later by the clock. Perhaps the foreign farmers are more intelligent in some things.

You ask can we get the law back again. Why not have the voters decide this next election by putting this question on the ballot? Why

not print the attached petition in your paper every day and have the people forward it to their Congressmen or to you, and then you forward it to the writer circulated this petition and obtained 250 signatures and then forwarded it to Senator Calder. Your paper is big enough to use its influence and not be afraid of the result. Why not use your influence in helping this good cause?

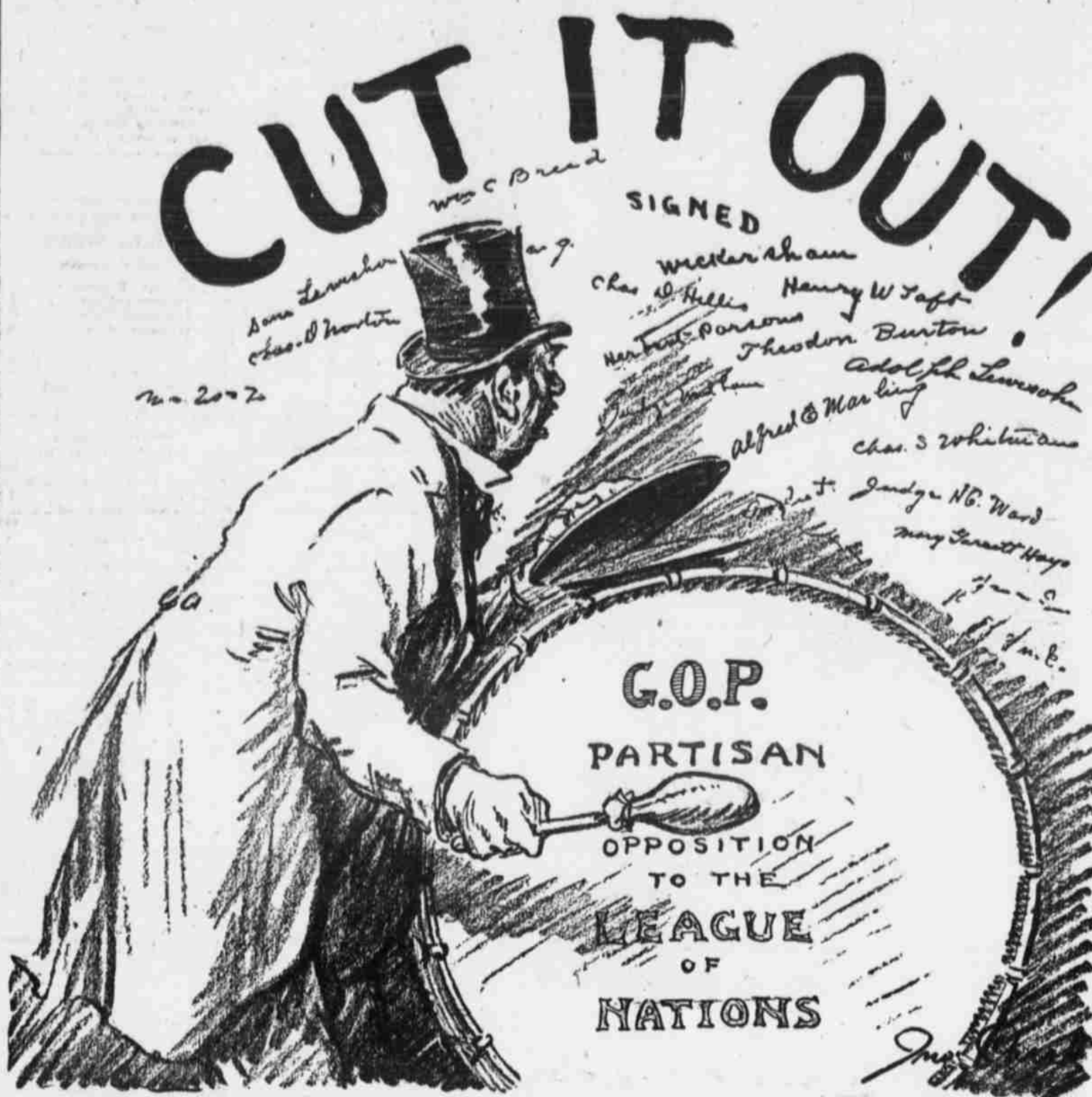
H. M. WICK
No. 1118 49th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
June 20, 1919.

Hon. William M. Calder, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, residents of New York State, hereby protest against the proposed repeal of the Daylight Saving Law. We respectfully urge that you, as our representative in Congress, do all in your power to defeat this move. We are absolutely and without question in favor of the Daylight Saving Law.

The Handwriting on the Wall

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Learns That Charity May Begin at Home, but It Ends at More Fashionable Places.

MRS. JARR had been to a society lawn fete that afternoon and came home looking so bright-eyed and elated that Mr. Jarr kissed her three times—once for herself, once for herself and once because she looked so nice.

"Well, did you have a good time at the lawn fete?" he asked. "Spome you're too tired to go back again to-night, when I understand, the fete is to be a regular 'Feast of Lanterns'?" "Oh, no," said Mrs. Jarr, "we've got to be back to-night and bring our husbands. That is, all but Mrs. Briskett. She's not living with her husband, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Mr. Jarr. "That's why I wanted to tell you." "That's why I wanted to tell you," was the reply. "One must be very careful when one meets society people. You have an awful habit, anyway, of asking personal questions. You blurt right out: 'How's your wife?' or 'How's your husband?'"

"Well, what of it? It shows a friendly interest, doesn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "They think it shows an impertinent interest, I am afraid," said Mrs. Jarr. "They'll be all smiles, so glad to see you and that sort of thing, and then one says without thinking, 'How's your wife?' or 'How's your husband?' and then their faces grow cold and set and they say, in a constrained tone, 'Haven't you heard of my unfortunate sorrow? We are parted. You will not mind if I tell you it is a very painful subject and one that I try not to dwell upon and one that I never discuss under any circumstances.' Then they talk to you for an hour about it and cry and say they don't intend to shed a single tear for her, or him, and that he, or she, has gone out of their lives forever, and are each one dead to them—but if they ever catch them with that wretched creature they'll thrash him or pull her hair, as the case may be, if they were to die for it! No, when you meet society people, you must not ask how husbands or wives are. Waiting for one's cue in these matters is what is called 'tact' or 'savoir faire' in society."

"Oh, is it?" said Mr. Jarr. "Well, I shall not forget your warning when I am with the modish throng. But how did the fete make out to-day?" "Oh, grandly!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It was an assured success. We went to

all the tradesmen we knew and made them donate things, and also made them pay for advertisements in the programme. But the stingy old printer wouldn't let us have the programme till he got paid for the program. And we hadn't taken in any money then—none of those women would spend a cent, you know, especially the rich ones, because they had given their services and had worked themselves to the point of nervous prostration going around threatening the merchants that they wouldn't deal with them if they did not donate handsome articles and candy and cake and ice cream."

"What with the musicale in all the foreign languages they gave at Mrs. Stryver's and now this fete they should have enough money. Eh, what?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Oh, no. There was a deficit of \$41 from the musicale. That's why we are holding the lawn fete," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver and Mrs. Vannwere have been to terrible expense personally. They've both gotten new dresses and hats. Mrs. Stryver says it is enough to make one forego charitable work forever when one considers the expense. Things will be lively to-night. Mrs. Diergett, who is the head of the Anti-Gambling Society, has donated a wheel of fortune and a spinning arrow and a very curious dice game, the paraphernalia which was captured and confiscated in raids by detectives employed by her society. I don't think that's sweet of her."

Mayor Walker of Delhi

By Bide Dudley

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Tricked by a Camera Man, He Prohibits the Taking of Films in Delhi.

MAYOR CYRUS PERKINS WALKER has decreed that no more motion pictures shall be taken in Delhi while he is the town's chief executive. He declares the privilege has been abused shamefully and he has instructed Constable Felix Brown to arrest any person who attempts to turn a camera's crank within the city limits. It is all the result of what is believed to have been a trick played on the Mayor by the anti-Walker Democrats last week.

Mayor Walker is up to succeed himself in his present position. The election will be held in September and a big factor in the contest will be the Women's Betterment League. This organization of female voters has not yet decided whether its support shall go to Mayor Walker or his opponent, Jeremiah Shultz. The league has decided to vote for a dignified man, according to a bulletin it issued, but no names are mentioned. Therefore, both Mayor Walker and Mr. Shultz have been careful not to appear frivolous to any degree whatsoever lately.

The Mayor, however, fell from grace for a few moments last week. He was passing by Schooltop's livery barn and noticed an argument going on between half a dozen young men. He stopped a moment and was asked to referee the debate.

"We are talking about clog dancing," explained Mitch Keeley. "I say the proper way to dance the hoo-down is like this." With that Mitch did a few steps. Holly Wheeple immediately spoke up: "And I say, Mayor, that the proper way to do the hoo-down is in this way."

Holly then went through a few motions and hopped about in a weird manner. If so happens that Mayor Walker in his younger days used to be a fine dancer. The argument interested him deeply. "You're both wrong," said the Mayor, when Holly had finished. "There is only one way to do the hoo-down, and that's the proper way. I used to do it and I can yet."

"I still maintain I'm right," said Mitch. "Right nothing!" shouted Mayor Walker. "Here—clear the way! I'll show you how to do it." With that the Mayor jumped into the centre of a ring formed by the crowd and executed a hoo-down that was marvellous for one of his age. He grew so interested that he shed his coat and for five minutes showed the boys how to clog. He then replaced his coat and moved away, satisfied that he had shown the young whippersnappers how to dance.

"That was all well and good at the time, but three nights later at the Elite Theatre there was flashed on the screen a picture showing the Mayor doing the hoo-down. It bore the following title: "How Delhi's Dignified Mayor Spends His Afternoons." The Mayor, who was in the theatre, saw at once that he had been tricked. The camera man was present and Mayor Walker called on Constable Brown to arrest him. The Constable was knocked down four times, but he subdued his man by lying flat on his back, holding the prisoner on top of him and tickling him.

Mayor Walker has called a meeting of the people for to-morrow night. He will attempt to explain how the camera happened to catch him cavorting around in such an undignified manner. What made it more ridiculous was the fact that a little colored boy in the background seemed to be dancing with the Mayor. The affair has set the whole town talking. There is much indignation.

What Every Movie Fan Thinks

By Helen Rowland

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It's Always the Actor, or the Singer, or the Writer, Who Aims "Over the Public's Head" That Succeeds Nowadays.

M. R. A. L. S.—Manager, The Moving Picture and Vaudeville Theatre, New York City.

Dear Sir:

The other evening it was very hot, and I was all fagged out.

And, just for something to do, I wandered over to your theatre to see my favorite motion picture hero.

And it was cool inside, and everybody was there.

The little movie fan who chews gum and says "Ain't he grand!" and cries at the sad parts and claps Douglas Fairbanks.

And the sentimental couple who link arms and squeeze hands when the hero says "I love you!"

And the T. B. M. and the Tired Business Woman—and all!

And just as we were sitting there wondering how the vaudeville folk could work so hard on a night like that, and if it wasn't bedtime, and if we'd forgotten to put out the cat.

The curtain rolled up on the most beautiful scene—like a breath from the Orient—

All made of Chinese screens embroidered with gold dragons and things.

And there, under the soft glow of Chinese lanterns, sat a graceful Chinaman draped in the gorgeously embroidered silk robes of his country.

And he lifted his tapering fingers to the ivory keys of a rosewood piano.

And played like an ANGEL!

And out came another man, garbed in flowing silk robes.

And Caruso'd like a SERAPH!

And, at the last sweet note, it rose en masse, and applauded, and AP-PLAUDED!

And the act wasn't billed—so it must have been just a "try-out."

And I don't even know the names of the two performers.

But, I'm writing to congratulate you on your taste and originality.

And to ask you to see if you can't get all the vaudeville people, and photo-play writers, and amusement-makers together.

And whisper this secret to them!

That the "dear PUBLIC" is a discriminating body of people.

With a real brain, and a real heart, and a real appreciation of the ARTISTIC.

And it's becoming more intelligent and discriminating every day!

And it's as grateful for a brand new act, a brand new plot, a brand new idea, or a brand new joke.

As it is for real FOOD, in a restaurant, these days!

And that anything artistic, anything GENUINE, anything that is not an imitation of something else, anything HUMAN, and intelligent, and really fine of its kind will "GO"—and "go big!"

And they needn't be afraid of "going over the public's head!"

And there's no such thing as a highbrow audience or a lowbrow audience.

They're all "medium-browed" nowadays.

And that what they want is not the songs and the jokes and the plots of "yesteryear" made over.

But something DIFFERENT, something new, something refreshing.

And if anybody doesn't believe this, tell him to ask Lew Fields, George Ade, George M. Cohan, P. T. Barnum, Mother Eve, or Bernard Shaw—

They all "STARTED SOMETHING!"

And it's always the actor or writer who aims "over the Public's head," That succeeds in hitting them right in the eye—or ear, or heart.

Like your two Chinese Seraphim—with the "tooth-powder" smiles!

Three Billion Dollars Waiting

By Col. Arthur Woods

Special Assistant to Secretary of War, in Charge of Re-employment. (Written Especially for The Evening World.)

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Speeding Up Public Works to Give Employment to Returning Soldiers.

OVER \$2,000,000,000 of public money is waiting to be used for different public works for bridges, public institutions, Post Offices, prisons, hospitals, etc.

A number of field officers representing the Government are traveling over the country endeavoring to urge the public officials of the different communities they visit to use the money they have for public works in order to help give work to the 10,000 or more men that are daily discharged from the army.

This amount of money has accumulated because the scarcity of labor and the high cost of materials have prevented the letting out of contracts for public works. Field officers visiting the different localities explain to public officials that at present there is no actual scarcity of labor, and that many of the ten thousand men daily discharged from the army would find profitable employment if contracts were let for the construction of public works for which money has been designated. As far as the high cost of material is concerned it is now reasonably certain that prices are not going to drop very much for some time and that waiting will not help matters.

Up to June 13 the field officers reported the results of visits to seventy-six localities. As will be seen in the following statements these visits are made more efficient by follow-up and the increased results are accurately noted:

Number of localities reported to date, 108.
Increase in contracts as shown by twelve follow-up reports the past week, \$17,013,193.
Percentage of increase since last reports on above localities, 43 per cent.
Total amount of contracts reported to date from first reports, \$94,726,315.
Total amount of contracts reported to date by follow-up reports, \$63,069,978.
Total amount of contracts reported to date, \$157,796,293.
Average per cent. of increase in contracts since starting operations, 67 per cent.

Total estimated cost of work reported, \$1,949,718,164.
These reports show that the work of the field officers who are endeavoring to speed up public works is meeting with great success. Contracts which are let out will give work to a large number of men returning to their home towns from military service. Such work will be especially welcome to those ex-service men who are unskilled laborers and who could not easily be placed at other work in their home towns.

Contracts to the amount of \$2,000,000,000 will give work to thousands of men. The following agencies and associations have pledged their utmost cooperation to the Government in its task of finding re-employment for ex-service men: Department of the Interior, with 15,000 field representatives; Department of Agriculture, with 24,000 field representatives; Post and Warfare Board, Army and Navy Commission on Training Camp Activities, American Library Association, United States Chamber of Commerce, Chambers of Commerce of the principal cities, National Association of Manufacturers, Merchants' Associations and principal labor organizations.

This Tobacco Pipe Is Built Like a Cornet.

A TOBACCO pipe of unusual design has been invented by Warren Murray Baechtel, of Hagerstown, Md., says Popular Science Monthly. Every pipe smoker knows that the longer the stem of his pipe the cooler will be the smoke. Pipes with stems a few feet long have been in use in different countries for many years, but their awkward length precluded their use outside of the house. The inventor of the pipe circumvented the difficulty by coiling the stem of the pipe like the tube of a cornet, or signal horn. The coils are connected at their lower end to form a dripping chamber for receiving the saliva which accumulates in the stem. Each coil has an independent opening into the drip chamber and a screw cap at the bottom gives access to it for the removal of the accumulated saliva. The smoke, in passing through the coils of the stem, is drained several times of saliva and nicotine.